

24

AN
ODE
Occasion'd by the
DEATH
OF THE
QUEEN,

WITH
A LETTER
From the AUTHOR
TO

Mr. DRYDEN.
abusing him severely.

By a Gentleman
A True Lover of his Country.

LONDON,

Printed by Tho. Warren for Francis Saanders, at the Blue
Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange, 1
MDCXCV. 14. June.

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May 2, 1927

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TO
Mr. Dryden.

SIR,

THough I have little Acquaintance with you, nor desire to have more, I take upon me, with the Assurance of a Poet, to make this Dedication to you, which I hope you will the more easily excuse, since you have often us'd the same freedom to others; and since I protest sincerely, that I expect no Money from you.

I cou'd not forbear mentioning your Admired Lewis, whom you compare to Augustus, as justly as one may compare you to Virgil; Augustus (though not the most exact Pattern of a Prince) yet, on some Occasions, show'd Personal Valour, and was not a League-Breaker, a Poisoner, a Pyrat: Virgil was a good Man and a clean Poet, all his Excellent Writings may be carried by a Child in one hand more easily, than all your Almanzors can be by a Porter upon both shoulders.

When I saw your prodigious Epistle to the Translation of Juvenal, I fear'd you were wheeling to the Government; I confess too I long expected something from you on the late sad occasion, that has employ'd so many Pens, but 'tis well that you have kept silence; I hope you'll always be on the other side; Did ev'n Popery ever get any honour by you?

*You may wonder that I subscribe not my Name at length,
but I defer that to another time : I hear you are Translating
again, let English Virgil be better than English Juvenal,
or 'tis odds you'll bear of me more at large ; in the mean
time, hoping that you and your Covey will dislike what I
have written, I remain,*

Sir,

Your very Humble Servant,

A. B.

A N

AN ODE

Occasion'd by the DEATH of the QUEEN.

THE Queen is dead and *Lewis* lives!
 O Justice, tho' from Earth long since you flew,
 Will you forsake the Heavens too?
 O where are the Rewards that Virtue gives?
 Or gives she none,
 But her Poor helpless self alone?
 Do the most earnest Vows made by Mankind
 To the Great God above mix idely with the Wind?
 Has the Almighty from His height
 But an imperfect sight
 Of things below the Firmament?
 Or, if He plainly sees and hears,
 Can He be Goodness, yet wou'd not relent
 To a whole wretched Nation's Pray'rs and Tears?

Cease to expostulate, Vain Man,
 Th' Almighty (much offended) can,
 But will not always see and hear;
 He shuts His pitying Eye, He stops His willing Ear:
 Virtue the best Rewards to *MARY* gives,
 Justice in Heav'n alone must refuge find:
 For a sad Vengeance on deprav'd Mankind,
 The Queen is dead, and *Lewis* lives.

To us, alas! she's dead; no more, no more, the Queen
By Human Eyes is seen:

From the Corrupted Age she's flown

Not to behold

Votes bought and sold;

Into the Seats of Holiness she's gone:

Less perfect Saints must stay

For part of their wish't Heav'n till the Great Judgment-Day:

She's now Entire in the High Palace, where

Few Earthly Rulers ever will appear:

She's now where she'll Her Glorious *William* see,

(But Guarded Nations pray that late the time may be)

With Him she'll live above

In Triumph and in Pure Eternal Love.

For Ever near Th' Almighty is Her Place

She's cloath'd with Light,

The Angels she beholds, employs their fight;

And to the Heavens adds the Beauty of Her Face:

The Cherubins and Seraphims rejoice,

To the Celestial King

Harmoniously they sing,

And hear the Musick of Her Voice.

Thus Blessing and thus Blest,

The Pious Queen looks down

From Her Etherial Throne,

And wonders that the World's possess'd

Still with Infernal Vice! What pleasure Tyrants find

In the destruction of Mankind!

Why madly Heav'n to lose,

By various Wickedness, so many Mortals choose!

F I N I S.

THE Temple of Death, a Poem; written by the Marquess of *Normanby*.
Horace of the Art of Poetry, made English by the Earl of *Roscommon*.
The Duel of the Stags, by the Honourable Sir *Robert Howard*. Together
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